Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleeue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.
Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine. *Enter* Desdemona,
Looke if my Gentle loue be not raisde vp: *with others.*
I'le make thee an example.
Desd. What is the matter?
Oth. All's well now sweeting:
Come away to bed: sir, for your hurts,
My selfe will be your surgeon; leade him off;
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those, whom this vile brawle distracted.
Come *Desdemona*: tis the Souldiers life,
To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife,
Iag. What are you hurt Leiutenant?
Exit Moore, Desdemona, *and attendants.*
Cas. I, past all surgery.
Iag. Mary God forbid.
Cas. Reputation, reputation, I ha' lost my reputation:
I ha lost the immortall part sir of my selfe,
And what remaines is beastiall, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.
Iag. As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiu'd some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deseruing. You haue lost no reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your selfe such a loser; what man, there are wayes to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now cast in his moode, a punishment more in policy, then in malice, euen so, as one would beate his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to him againe, and hees yours.
Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good a Commander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreete an Officer: O thou inuisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to bee knowne by,

by, let vs call thee Diuell.
Iag. What was he, that you
What had he done to you?
Cas. I know not.
Iag. Is't possible?
Cas. I remember a masse of
quarrell, but nothing wherefore
enemy in there mouthes, to
should with ioy, Reuell, pleas
selues into beasts.
Iag. Why, but you are no
recouered?
Cas. It hath pleasde the Di
the Diuell wrath; one vnperfe
me frankely despise my selfe.
Iag. Come, you are too seue
the condition of this Countrey
had not so befalne; but since it
Cas. I will aske him for my
drunkard: had I as many m
stop em all: to be now a sensib
sently a beast. Euery vnordina
is a diuell.
Iag. Come, come, good wi
well vs'd; exclaime no more
thinke you thinke I loue you.
Cas. I haue well approou'd
Iag. You, or any man liuing
tell you what you shall do,
rall; I may say so in this respect
himselfe to the contemplation
and graces. Confesse your
helpe to put you in your place
so blessed a disposition, that
not to doe more then shee
you and her husband, intr
against any lay, worth